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From Peterson's Magazine.
MR. DOWNING'S HAY-MAKER.
BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"It is no use, papa—none in the world! I can't help it if you call me disobedient," said Edith, with a pouting mouth and a determined look, as she tossed her brown curls with an air of determination very becoming in the spoiled child of an indulgent father.

"Edith, my dear, do not be so naughty-like," said Mrs. Allen, Mr. Ainsworth's fashionable sister.

"Excuse me, auntie. But it vexes me so to be disposed of like a piece of merchandise, as if I had not any mind of my own. And I was nineteen last Sabbath!"

"Edith," said her father, "Harry Melville is all that any woman could ask for in a lover—your handsomeness, wealth, and intelligence; and his habits are good, too. I have taken particular pains to ascertain about him, and am entirely satisfied with the accounts I receive. Oswald, who was his traveling companion in Europe, says he is the best-hearted fellow he ever met with."

"Oh! I dare say he is perfect! I wonder Barnum isn't after him!"

"Now, Edith, my love," said Mrs. Allen, "don't be disrespectful. I have seen Mr. Melville, and am pleased with him. He has very fine eyes, and a very becoming moustache."

"I hate men with fine eyes and moustaches!" said Edith, spitefully. "Edith, hear me a moment," said Mr. Ainsworth, drawing her down on his knee. "John Melville, Harry's father, was my best friend, and his last dying wish was that you and Harry might marry at a suitable age—his last dying wish, Edith."

"Papa, dear, don't talk that way. It is impossible for me to love this Mr. Harry Melville; and I will not marry a man I do not love. I know I have never seen him, but I have got such a prejudice against him that I never could overcome it if he proved to be the Apollo Belvedere come to life. So, please don't urge your little Edie, and say that I shall not be kept at home to meet this dreadfully perfect gentleman, but shall go out to study and pay nurse Downing a visit."

Then she kissed him, and smoothed back his slightly stirred brown locks, and the day was won. Edith Ainsworth was to have her own way this time as well as usual.

A week later she was put down by the stage-coach at the door of nurse Downing's pretty cottage.

A very charming place it was, and Edith put back her coquettish little black veil, with the white border, and looked around her in delighted surprise. The house was small, with a wide veranda, over which climbed a luxuriant grapevine. By the door-step blossomed a white rose, and under its shadow a gray kitten was playing pounce with its mother; and a gleaming, looking old speckled hen, with a whole host of yellow chickens, was sunning herself close by.

Nurse Downing stretched a line of the hills, misty with the distance; a broad meadow lay back of the house, reaching down to the white thread of a river that looked like silver in the bright sunshine.

Edith felt that she could be very happy here, away from that odious Harry Melville, whom she would not marry for all the world.

She met with a warm reception from nurse Downing; and the two went out and sat on the veranda, and watched the hay-makers in the meadow as they raked up the swathes of richly-scented clover.

By-and-by it was supper time, and nurse Downing went into the kitchen to get the table for the laborers; and Edith sat on the veranda, and saw the men come up to the pump to wash their faces. They were rough, sun-burned fellows, all but one; and he was sun-burned enough; but still he was different from the others—tall and well built, with curling chestnut hair, brown eyes, and a blonde beard.

She asked nurse Downing who he was. "Oh! Mr. Downing hired him yesterday. His name is Jenkins, I believe."

"Jenkins? Oh, horrid!" cried Edith. "Yes, I knew a man by that name who was hanged once," said nurse Downing, solemnly.

After that Edith and Mr. Jenkins met frequently. She had a wonderful faculty for getting into difficulties, and he had quite as wonderful a faculty for appearing just at the right time to rescue her.

Once a cow chased her, and once the turkey gobbler would not let her pass because she wore a red scarf; and then again she got her dress caught in the brush on the pasture fence.

But Mr. Jenkins never presumed; and when Edith thanked him for his favors, he had a way of whisking snatches of tunes, which was anything but polite or agreeable.

Edith wore her prettiest dresses, and put rubens in her hair every day; but Mr. Jenkins went off with his work, as if there was no such thing as pink muslin dresses and rubens in the world.

So she took to cultivating him. She carried his luncheon into the field, and put flowers in a little white vase in his room, and read him the city gossip contained in her letters from Mattie Torrey, her nearest friend.

But by-and-by, when one of her city admirers, Mr. Fitz Ludlow, came out to visit her, she ignored Mr. Jenkins, and went off riding with Ludlow. On their return, they came through the meadow where Mr. Jenkins was at work. A gate obstructed their progress.

"Here, you fellow!" sang out Mr. Ludlow, "come and open this gate, quick!"

Mr. Jenkins took no notice, but went on with the tune he was whistling.

"Mr. Jenkins, the gentleman asked you to open the gate," said Edith, a little haughtily.

"Oh! did he?" returned Jenkins, with provoking coolness. "I was not aware that any gentleman had addressed me."

The Indiana American.

"THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS."

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BROOKVILLE, IND., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1888.

[WHOLE NO. 39.]

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"The insolent puppy!" exclaimed Ludlow, "but I will not bandy words with him in the presence of a lady!" and he dismissed and opened the gate himself, while Jenkins went on with his whistling.

After that, Edith was cool as an icicle, and Mr. Jenkins did not make any attempt to thaw her sociability. He brought all the wild blossoms he found to nurse Downing instead of Edith; and coaxed the kitten so much that the little ungartered quadruped never would go to Edith when Jenkins was with call.

One day he came up from the river with a splendid cluster of cardinal flowers in his hand. Only a day or two before Edith had been wishing for some, and now she felt sure these were for her. She ran down the path to meet him.

"Brilliant, aren't they?" said the importunate Jenkins, holding them out and gazing at them admiringly. "I promised Mary Devon yesterday that I'd get her some. They are so becoming to persons with black hair, you know."

Edith ground her white teeth together; but her voice was very sweet as she said: "Yes, but be sure. Contrasts are very elegant."

Then she called the dog and went singing into the garden, and Jenkins sauntered off down the road in the direction of Mary Devon's cottage.

That afternoon Fitz Ludlow appeared, and the horses were brought out for a ride. Jenkins took Fairy, Edith's pony, by the bit and turned her head around so that he could look into her face. Edith was just gathering up her skirts to mount.

"You had better not ride her," Miss Ainsworth said to her. "She is naturally vicious, and to-day she is in a very bad humor. Look at her eyes!"

"Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Jenkins," Edith said, haughtily. "I am not afraid of a horse. Come, Mr. Ludlow, let us be off."

Jenkins released the bit, shouldered his rake and went off toward the ryefield, whistling. "Auld Robin Gray."

Edith was cross, and answered for an instant, and then bent toward him.

"I promise," she said, and, catching the cue, he let her draw him to a place of safety.

He stepped upon the plank, and took her hands in his, looking down at her with those strangely luminous eyes, and the rare smile which made his face so beautiful. Only a moment thus, and he drew her into his arms and kissed her lips with kisses.

"My love! my darling! Mine forever! Are you not?"

"Yes, dear—"

"Jenkins, Edith. Say 'yes, dear Jenkins,'"

"Yes, dear Jenkins," she said, obediently.

And the old miller said down the stream until it reached the mill, and there it lodged against the hollow in the east bank. Jenkins put out a plank, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in getting a horse with his companion.

He got a farmer, who lived near where they landed, to take himself and Edith home, where they were received as though they had been dead. Nurse Downing had firmly believed they had perished in that dreadful mill.

Mr. Jenkins quietly announced his engagement to Edith at the supper table, and the next day he went to the city and brought up Mr. Ainsworth and aunt Allen.

And singularly enough, Edith thought, neither of these friends of hers made the slightest objection to having the wedding take place at the end of a fortnight, as Jenkins insisted.

The night before the bridal, Jenkins took Edith to the grape arbor at the foot of the garden.

"Edith, my darling," he said, "are you sure, really sure, that you love me?"

"Yes, I am sure."

"Then, if you love me, you will forgive me a little deception. Dear, I am not Mr. Jenkins; I am Harry Melville, whom you resolved to hate so much! No, I won't let you go. I came out here on purpose to win you in spite of yourself. And your father and aunt Allen were both in the plot. I believed I loved you before I ever saw you, and I would not lose you for a mere prejudice of yours. Forgive me, and call me dear Harry."

"You are a wretch!" she said, sanctily. "I would never forgive you in the world if it were not for one consideration—I shall not have to be called by the odious name of Jenkins! That is the only consolation."

Let Woman be Womanly.

Woman gains nothing by striving to become more like man. Her crowning beauty consists in being truly womanly. It is that quality which wins the love of man, in whom she loves above all things strength, manliness—something to lean upon; look up to, to be proud of. It is a grand nobility to be a man. To be a woman is to be truly

"God's last, best gift to man," without whom his strength is useless, his wisdom folly, his life a failure. [New Physiognomy.]

A set of philosophers is rising in Germany who believe that the earth goes around the sun.

Napoleon I. created 9 princes, 32 dukes, 38 counts and 1,000 barons. Napoleon III. has made 12 dukes, 9 counts and viccounts, 21 barons, and authorized 268 peers to take the aristocratic de before their names. There are now in France about 50,000 noble families.

Farmers, remember what some wise and witty one has said, in reference to your business: "The best bank ever known, is a bank of earth; it never refuses to discount honest labor. And the best share in the plow-share, on which dividends are always liberal."

then went breaking into yellow swirls of foam over the sharp rocks below. Suddenly she felt a severe shock; and turning quickly from the window where she had been standing, she saw that the east wall of the mill had been torn away and was being borne rapidly down the stream. And, even as she gazed, she became conscious that the whole mill was being swept from its foundations. She started forward to make her escape, but it was too late. Already the structure was moving down the stream; for she saw that the great hemlock tree which had stood close by the west door of the mill, was yards away!

And as she looked back, she saw just in the wake of the mill, a human face! The tossing brown hair—the white forehead—she could not be mistaken! He understood it at once. Jenkins had followed her to the mill, had reached the platform just as it was swept away, and now he was at the mercy of the foaming flood.

She ran back to the extreme edge of her confined limits and flung out her silk scarf across the water.

She shouted to him so hoarsely that she hardly knew her own voice.

"Catch hold of the scarf! Quick! I can save you!" She threw her arm around a post of the mill to secure herself, and wound the end of the scarf which she still held firmly around her wrist.

"Do not hesitate a moment! Delay may be fatal!" she called to him.

He lifted his head proudly, his cheeks flushing, his eyes shining.

"Edith," he said, "I can accept aid from you on only one condition. If you do not consent to that, then I tell you solemnly I will drown before you shall help me."

"And that? Tell me quickly!"

"He did not speak very loud, but above all the roar and crash of the water she heard him."

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State Fairs, and Fairs Generally.

In the October number we ventured a few suggestions on this topic. That paper has been extensively read, and we are gratified that its suggestions have met with almost universal approval from the mainly only for success. But will any reform be effected? Will it be attempted? While our fairs are so conducted as to make money the measure of success, and indispensable to it, we can hardly hope that those who are responsible for them will boldly and resolutely set themselves against the introduction of side-shows and other vicious accompaniments. We know that in the great battle of life this common error prevails. The success of every man is measured not by the number of hearts he makes glad, but by the works of love and mercy which he may have wrought.

But supposing that our Board desire a reformation in this regard, can they succeed without additional legislation? We are not positive, but we think they lack the power to forbid side-shows and other vicious exhibitions and practices. Let the provisions which have worked so well for camp meetings and other religious assemblies be extended to agricultural fairs also. Let us have the power—the right to control our surroundings, and then if we do not, the responsibility will be our own.

The Indiana State Fair has passed. Elsewhere are several allusions to it. In this argument we may be permitted to say in addition that it was not what we desired. The visitors of former years missed much of farm products, that once gave great interest to the several departments. There were machines of great merit, and there were some fruits, and some beautiful works of art, but in these departments the display was meagre. There was a cause for this, which at a future time we will discuss more at large. At present we will only say that by the majority of those who attended this was not regretted. Why? Simply because they went to attend the races. Perhaps in the above estimate we may have over-rated the relative number of those who went to attend the races, but we are not mistaken when we say that a majority of those in attendance each day gave no attention to anything else. If they strolled through the several halls, it was merely mechanical, and reminded us of the introduction of the preacher whose text was, "The world, the flesh, and the devil." It will pass quickly over the world, touch lightly on the flesh, and hasten to the devil as fast as possible. Many an unsophisticated country youth who should have made the machinery and implements a study, who should have heard the farmer and countryman discuss the points of the several varieties of stock who should have inquired how such results could be reached, and then gone home with a NORTH WESTERN FARMER in his pocket, with one to follow him monthly, and with a noble ambition to dig and drain, to feed and cross until he should be able to bring a better specimen of his handiwork—was allured from the gate directly to the ring, from which he never moved until night, drove him away, flanked by the gamblers who were there in force of every spare dollar, and worse than that, of the virtue with which he entered. He has taken his first lesson in gambling, and happy will he be if the sacred influences of home shall be such that the lesson does not prove the beginning of a course of vice and infamy, take place at the end of a fortnight, as Jenkins insisted.

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